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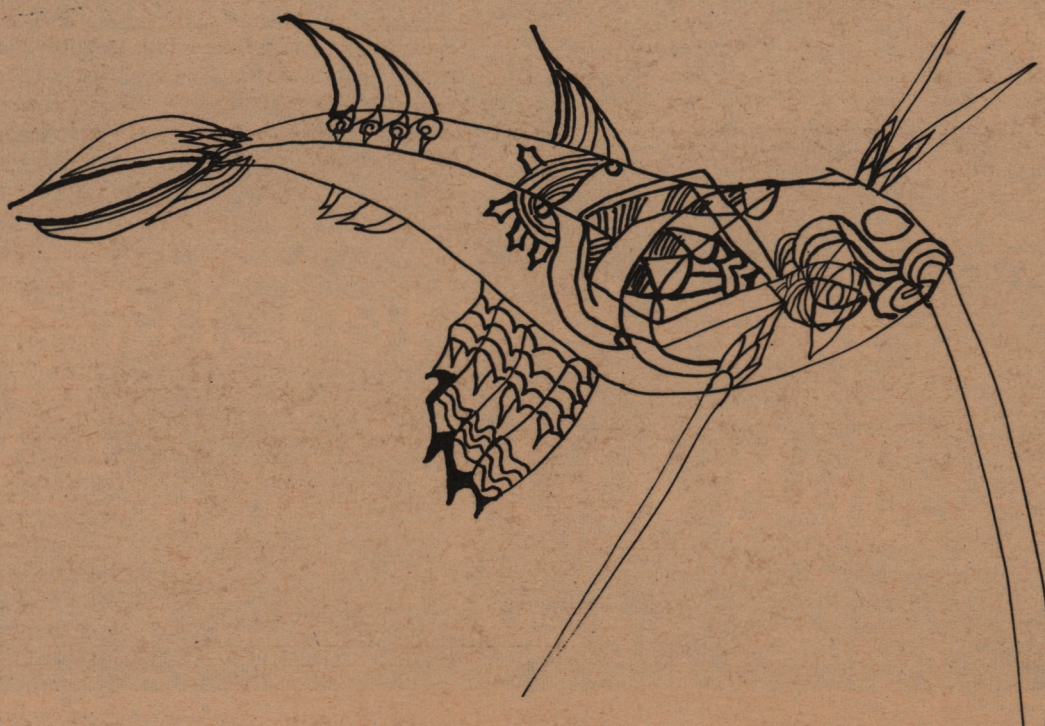
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As the astute reader will readily surmise, the caption is unrelated to the graphic above it. This is offset by the fact that neither is related to the story.

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Resistance And Departure At the Houston Post

by Donna Straley

Last April Houston Post editorial employees defeated a proposal to become part of the American Newspaper Guild by a mere five votes: 59 for, 64 against. The management of the paper was, of course, strongly opposed to the unionizing of an important segment of its staff. This sentiment was perhaps best expressed in a written statement authored by the omnipresent Oveta Culp Hobby, publisher of the Post. This written directive said, "We will resist the union as vigorously as possible, employing every legal method."

Such a declaration from Mrs. Hobby is exceedingly ironic when one stops to think that, at the same time, her son Bill was ranging across the state gathering together all the organized labor support he could to aid in his campaign for lieutenant governor. (Bill Hobby, besides being our new lieutenant governor-elect, also serves as

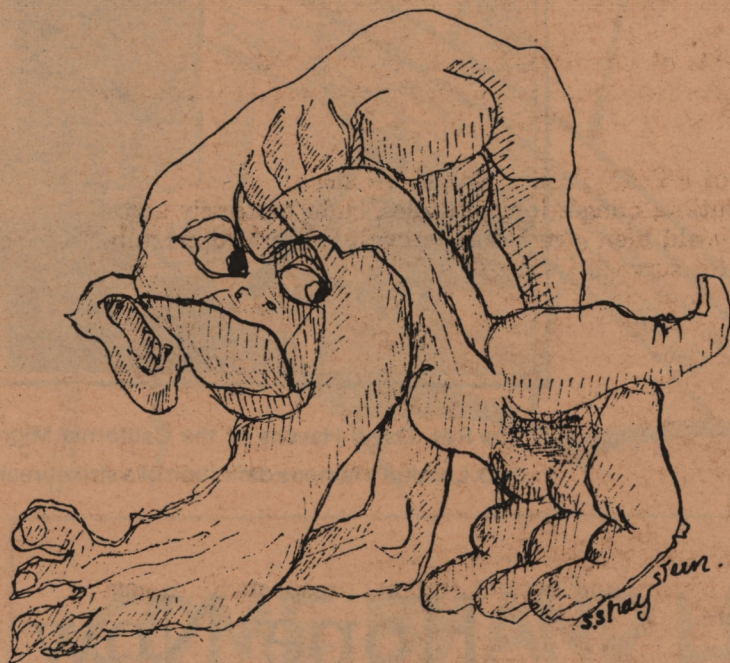


president and executive editor of the Post.)

According to some Post employees, a purge of reporters who had actively supported the guild was ruefully anticipated following the guild's defeat. When a month or so passed and nothing happened, everyone supposedly breathed a collective sigh of relief. This turned out to be premature, however, when three long-time employees of the Post were suddenly and mysteriously fired by Post management.

One of these, Owen Johnson, served as head of the photography department since 1953. In those 19 years, according to Johnson, he had never been reprimanded for the manner in which he conducted his duties as head of the department. When he asked why he was being fired he was told it was because he "had not instilled enough initiative into the staff." Johnson told me that he felt this was a weak answer, and that he "had reason to believe. . .I just feel that the position which I took, which was a neutral position during the guild movement, was the reason. I did not talk for management nor did I talk for the Guild, and I let management know that this was my position because I felt that I had obligations to both sides, and I preferred to remain neutral."

Johnson feels his neutral stand on the Guild was the main reason behind his firing. According to Johnson, Dan Shults, who was relieved of his position as sports editor, was guilty of the same sin - failure to stand solidly behind "the company." Both the photography and sports departments voted heavily in favor of the guild. Coincidentally (?), the new sports editor, John Hollis - according to one source - worked very hard for management in the sports department.



The third person fired, O. D. Wilson, served as assistant managing editor and was with the Post for a period of about 15 years. "The managing editor had to do something after the guild election, and I was just one of the scapegoats, I guess," said Wilson. "I did not support the Guild. I probably wouldn't again, if the opportunity came up again. There were philosophical differences between myself and the managing editor. He and I didn't agree on a lot of basics as far as newspapering is concerned."

Wilson did say, however, that he was in favor of some of the things that the staff was seeking through the Guild. Another coincidence: Jim Holley, newly promoted from City Editor to an assistant managing editor, "worked like hell for the company" according to Susan Caudill and Darell Hancock in their article on the Guild election in the *Houston Journalism Review*.

Managing editor Ed Hunter declined any comment beyond the article that appeared in the Post on June 27. That article dealt heavily with the five promotions meted out and ignored the firings except to mention that the promotions were due to the "departures" of Wilson, Johnson and Shults. No explanations whatsoever.

No explanations were given to the other employees of the paper either. Several staff members have said that the inside of the Post building is inhabited by clusters of employees informing one another of the latest rumors and wondering "whose head's going to roll next?"

One of these rumors goes this way: because of the National Labor Relations Board ruling protecting the participants (meaning the voters) in a union election from reprisals for one year following the election, the reporters who voted in the Guild election are protected from a "purge." However, supervisory personnel – non-voters – are not; therefore, there is no legal recourse open to the three department heads who were fired.

Another aspect of the current situation that is perhaps the most frightening is the refusal of the other media to deal with the story. As a matter of fact, I was informed by one of my fellow reporters last week that he had been ordered by his supervisor "not to touch it."

Straley is a news reporter for Pacifica radio in Houston.

July 6-12, 1972 : 3



The Rev. David Havens of the California Migrant Ministry was arrested by sheriff's deputies for publicly reading Jack London's famous definition of a strikebreaker.

Hope Now for Justice Later

by Karen Northcott

Starr County in the Rio Grande Valley is the poorest county in Texas and the 17th poorest in the United States. All but three per cent of the people are chicanos. There is nothing but stoop labor and little of that. Of the males over 14, 29 per cent are unemployed. More than 2/3 of the families make less than \$3,000 a year.

Until 1965, the *campesinos* of the Valley worked for a handful of powerful agri-business concerns such as Sun-Tex, Starr Produce, La Casita Farms and Trophy Farms for 50 cents an hour. They had little money and neither hope nor dignity. Then organizers from Cesar Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) came to Texas and the Valley. They came without money, but brought with them both hope and dignity. They went into the fields and the workers listened to their talk of a union for farm workers, a minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour, contracts and collective bargaining with the growers.

The growers listened too. Those workers who favored the union were fired. Workers were brought in from Mexico. The "outside agitators from Califor-

nia" called for a strike and a nation-wide boycott of melons. The growers called Gov. John Connally and he called in the Texas Rangers.

Efforts to organize the farm workers intensified; rallies and demonstrations were held to publicize the strike. Strikers and their supporters picketed daily during the 13-month organizational effort. Over 120 individuals were arrested, many on more than one occasion, for unlawful assembly, breach of peace, abusive language and violation of civil statutes regulating the number and spacing of pickets and secondary strikes of boycotts.

Four and a half years later, as the effort to unionize the *campesino* continues, a three judge panel in Houston on June 26, 1972, declared unconstitutional five Texas laws dealing primarily with farm labor disputes. The efforts from June, 1966 to June, 1967 to organize the Valley *campesinos* triggered the suit, which was brought in the names of six organizers and the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO. The Texas Rangers, Starr County officials, former Gov. John Connally and other state officials were named as defendants.

The panel of federal judges

also ruled that the Texas Rangers had taken sides in the dispute and had not enforced the laws impartially in the labor dispute. Ronnie Dugger, in a special Texas Observer report from Starr County in June, 1967, wrote: "The Rangers started out as Indian fighters and Mexican fighters. A company of Rangers fought as a unit in the war against Mexico. In the long decade of border conflict, the Rangers became identified with the Anglos, even though their history was too complicated for this simplification. Tales of Rangers' brutality to Mexican-Americans are legendary, and it was inherent in this fact that when they were dispatched to Starr County, there to enforce union-restricting state laws against mass and secondary picketing, a dispute would break out. It has.

"As accusations of Ranger brutality piled up, chicano militants called for the abolition of Rangers, the Texas LULACS asked for their withdrawal from Starr County, Sen. Ralph Yarborough called them Gov. John Connally's strikebreakers, and state senators went to Starr County to investigate. Attempts are being made to interest a U.S. Senate subcommittee in

going to Starr County to see why the farm workers' strike has failed and whether changes in federal law might make farm workers' unionization more feasible. Gov. Connally and Col. Homer Garrison, head of the Texas Department of Public Safety, have come to the defense of the Rangers as honored law men doing their job of enforcing the laws fairly and without brutality."

The Rangers acted as special escorts for the trains carrying Valley produce to market. Three Ranger cars, each with two Rangers in it, would follow the train down Highway 83. One of them would keep abreast of the train's engine cab, the second one would ride alongside the highway at the train's midpoint and the third would bring up the rear as near the train's caboose as possible. The Texas Rangers would thus escort the melons and the train carrying them westward through and then northward out of the Valley.

The Rangers denied they were in the Valley as strike breakers. Capt. Y.A. Allee, told Ronnie Dugger, "We're not prejudiced against organized labor. If they want to organize, let 'em go ahead and organize, but let 'em do it in a way favorable to all

the people of the country and not just favorable to the union.

"You go and talk to 'em in the fields. They're working. They're satisfied. There's none of 'em walking off their jobs," Allee continued.

Numerous instances of the Rangers intervening directly in the labor dispute were cited in the 39-page court opinion. On Nov. 3, 1966, Union members picketed packing sheds of the Missouri-Pacific; a complaint was drafted against 10 of them, filed Nov. 9. Rangers had been sent to La Casita Farms, and served the complaints. Reynaldo de la Cruz, arrested by the Rangers, was told he could work for \$1.25 an hour and later on could organize a "more peaceful union."

De la Cruz was also told by the Rangers that they were there to break the strike and would not leave until they did so.

On another occasion Rangers were investigating the spacing between picketers at La Casita and some picketers who tried to leave were held by deputies until they found out they had Allee's permission to go.

The Rangers were cited as instruments of fear in the community. Gilbert Padillo, vice-president of UFWOC at the time of the strike, said the strikers were not afraid of the Rangers, but the community was. "It's not hard to understand the fear," he said. "The way the Rangers operate is unbelievable."

On May 26, 1967, the Rangers allegedly held two prisoners with their faces only inches from a passing train.

Many of those arrested and held overnight in jail testified of the beatings they had seen or been subjected to by the Rangers.

Irene and Bill Chandler, Houston UFWOC organizers, were in the Valley at the time of the strike. Both were arrested numerous times under the five laws which have now been declared unconstitutional. "I can't describe what it was like in the Valley during those years to anyone who wasn't there," Irene said. "The Rangers were unbelievable. Most of the people were terrified of them. We all knew the laws they were using were unconstitutional. We knew we were morally right. When I was first arrested under those laws I only had one child, the last time I was arrested under those laws I had three."

These specific instances were cited in the court opinion:

*June 8, 1966: Eugene Nelson, a principle organizer, was arrested at the Roma bridge while trying to keep Mexican nationals from crossing over to work. He was held some four hours without charges.

*Oct. 12, 1966: Some 25 union members and sympathizers were picketing alongside U.S. 83 adjacent to Rancho Grande Farms, using a bullhorn to exhort field hands to join the strike. Bill Chandler was arrested for abusive language; his friends and wife were not allowed to make his bond.

*Oct. 24, 1966: Domongo

Arredondo, union president of Starr County, shouted "Viva la huelga," while under arrest in the courthouse. He was struck, pushed and threatened with a gun at his forehead.

*Jan. 26, 1967: Five members of the union were arrested while trying to recruit workers at Trophy Farms, and that night two leaders of a prayer vigil were arrested for unlawful assembly.

"The unjustified conduct of the defendants had the effect of putting those in sympathy with the strike in fear of expressing their protected first amendment rights with regard to free speech and lawful assembly," the court wrote.

The law which forbids pickets of more than two persons standing closer than 50 feet apart was voided, as was the one dealing with secondary strikes, boycotts or picketing — all as overly broad.

The court found the laws against obstruction of streets con-

stitutionally sound, "a clear, precise statute drawn so as to carefully carve out a state interest worthy of protection."

Breach of peace — which includes yelling or bad language, exposing one's person to another over age 16 and or rudely displaying a pistol, was voided.

Abusive language — cursing or abusing a person by using abusive language about such person or his female companion — was voided also.

The ruling that the state laws were too broad will not take effect until a judgment is drawn and a decree signed by the three-judge court.

In a ruling on unlawful assembly, the court said that a criminal aim must be shown before it becomes a threat to the public.

David Hall, UFWOC lawyer in the Valley, called the decision in favor of the Union "beautiful, just beautiful." Hall said that the court decision was "everything

we had hoped for."

State Sen. Joe Bernal of San Antonio, said that justice has finally arrived. "In this case, people affected adversely by the action of agri-business and all its political compadres were finally vindicated and for those who have patiently awaited justice, it has now come."

Irene Chandler disagreed with Bernal. "I can't say that we have finally gotten justice," she said. "But we do have hope."

David Lopez, Houston School Board member, was in the Valley as a union official during the time of the strike. He doesn't feel that justice has arrived either. "We ought to use this decision to help educate the people and to bring about a radical change or the elimination of the Texas Rangers," Lopez said. "I don't think the Rangers are inherently evil, but they date back to the rural administration of justice, the administration of justice on the spot."

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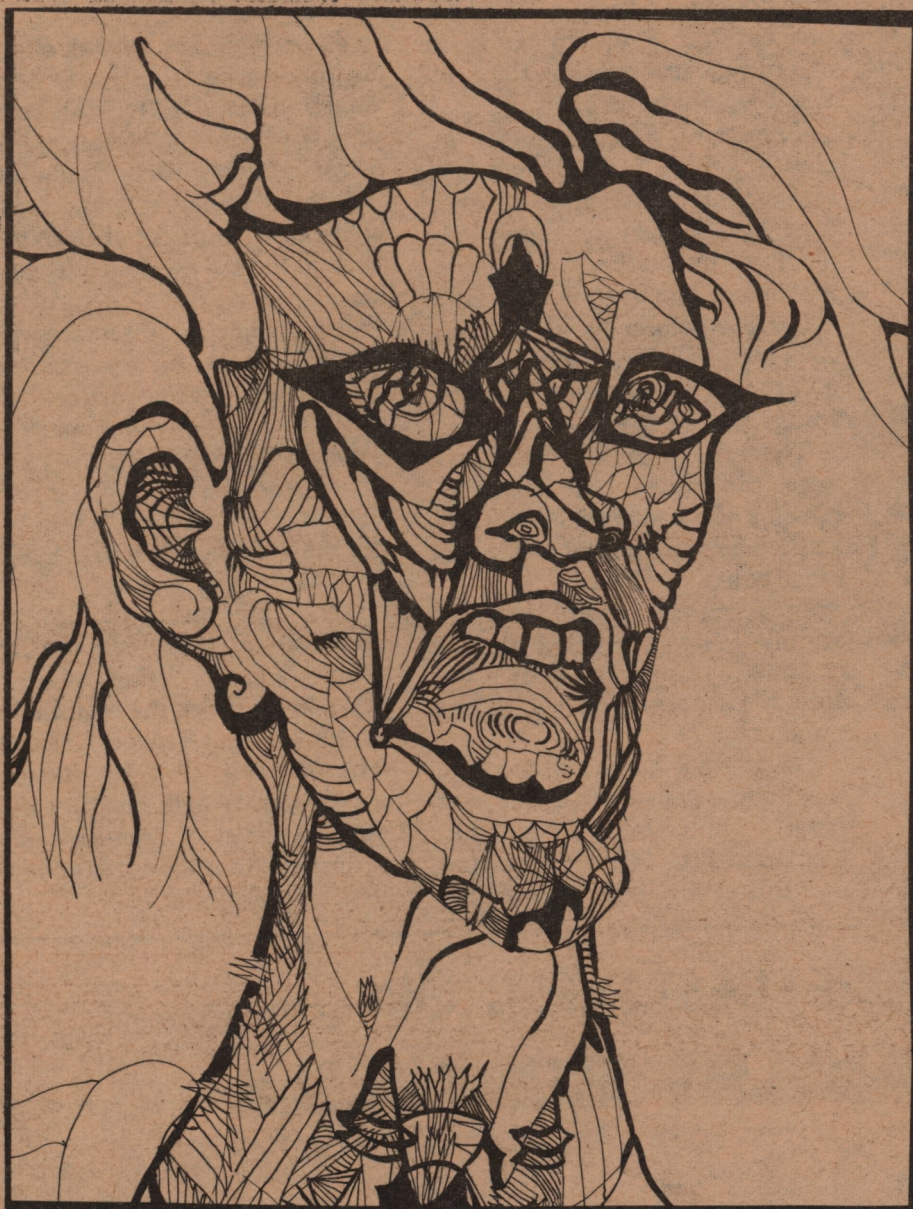
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Thoughts of Chairman Ezra

by Geoffrey Williams

Ezra Pound may be the greatest literary crackpot since William Blake. That, brother, is saying something, for, a century and a half after his death, Blake is called one of the greatest poets and patriots in the history of the Western World. It is hard to dispute that Pound is the greatest man of letters in English still alive. The old codger is 83, a citizen of Rome for many years.

Why is Pound so famous? He is Space City!

has written everything from lyric poems to heavy criticism (he was largely responsible for the final version of Eliot's "Waste Land"), yet there is not one work of his that most high school students can quote or even name, nor university students either.

The answer is that Pound is famous less for the works he has written than for the social and political controversy that has surrounded him, and them.

The paragraphs you are reading are not intended to be an

introduction to the biography of Ezra Pound — you can check your library for that. Nor is his often unduly dense poetry featured here. The concern of this brief article is to alert readers who have revolutionary thoughts that "Old Dog Pound," the convicted "individual in a paranoid state of psychotic proportions," Fascist publicist, and victim of 13 years' incarceration in an American insane asylum, may just be the philosophical Big Daddy of us all that he has claimed to be all along. The uncensored quotation printed here may persuade some of you to study Pound further. As far as I can tell, there is not one error of rationality in the entire statement. Pound's only real error in WWII was having faith in Benito Mussolini. It was a noble intention — but Mussolini did not merit it. So Ezra Pound, fueling his error with rhetoric of inflammatory genius, was, like many another man of genius, sent up the river as a madman.

One wonders whether Mao Tse-Tung, given a grasp of English literary style, might not be broadminded enough to read Pound with appreciation and intellectual satisfaction. Ezra Pound is a very great man.

— from Jefferson and/or Mussolini (1935) by Ezra Pound

The millennial habit of slavery and the impulse toward enslaving others is very strong in the race. By the time chattel-slavery was driven out by the American Civil War, it had been discovered that paid labour probably cost less to the employer.

Some men are now struggling to convince the mob that the machine is ready to replace the slave.

The greatest obstacle may well be just simple bossiness, boss bovis, the bull, likes to order some fellow-human about.

The "will to power" (admired and touted by the generation before my own) was literatureified by an ill-balanced, hysterical teuto-pollak. Nothing more vulgar, in the worst sense of the word, has ever been sprung on a dallying intelligentsia.

Power is necessary to some acts, but neither Lenin nor Mussolini show themselves primarily as men thirsting for power.

The great man is filled with a very different passion, the will toward order.

Hence the mysteries and the muddles in inferior minds.

The superior passion is incompatible with Dogberry and the local bully. The second line of inferiority complex (professorial) toddles in with its twaddle about insanity and genius, and "the man must be mad."

Five or six years ago the Roman barflies and social idiots were waiting for Mussolini to go mad.

The brittle mind, living on prejudice or privilege, as a last refuge plays ostrich. Something is NOT what its mama or schoolmarm told it, and it simply can't readjust itself.

When Mussolini has expressed

any satisfaction it has been with the definite act performed, the artwork in the civic sense, the leading the Romans back to the sea, for example, by the wide new road into Ostia.

So Shu, king of Soku, built roads. What sort of shouting would the Chinese have raised for the release of the Lake of Abano, an exhilaration that might perfectly well have upset a considerable equanimity?

FREUD OR...

As one of the Bloomsbury weepers once remarked, "Freud's writings may not shed much light on human psychology but they tell one a good deal about the private life of the Viennese."

They are flower of a deliquescent society going to pot. The average human head is less in need of having something removed from it, than of having something inserted.

The freudized ex-neurasthenic, oh well, pass it for the neurasthenic, but the general results of Freud are Dostoevskian duds, worrying about their own unimportant innards with the deep attention of Jim drunk occupied with the crumb of the weskit.

I see no advantage in this system over the ancient Roman legion, NO individual worth saving is likely to be wrecked by a reasonable and limited obedience practised to given ends and for commands to the militia superior to psychic sessions for the debilitatee.

That which makes a man forget his bellyache (physical or psychic) is probably as healthy as concentration of his attention on the analysis of the products or educts of a stomach-pump.

Modern ignorance, fostered and intensified by practically all university systems, has succeeded in obliterating or in dimming the old distinction in Rodolpho Agricola's *De Dialectica*.

Verbal composition is committed, "ut doceat, ut moveat, ut delectet."

Verbal composition exists to three ends, to teach, to move and to please. You do not aid either literary or philosophical discussion by criticizing one sort with criteria properly applied to the other.

We know that the German university system was perverted from the search for truth (material truth in natural research) into a vast machine for conducting the mental segment of the nation AWAY from actual problems, getting them embedded and out of the way of the tyrants.

American subsidized universities have become anodyne in the department that "don't matter," i.e. those where the subjects has not or need not have any direct incidence on life.

When it comes to economic study the interference of the controllers is less covered.

I am no longer "in touch." I know that professors are occasionally "fired." I have heard that the ladies' Vassar once had a curiosity in the form of a heavy endowment "for as long as nothing contrary to protective tariff was taught here."

The instinct of self-preservation, obviously THE great passion in the bureaucratic booZUM, leads often towards the snodyne. Such is the nature of bureaucracy. Once IN, it is hardly noticed you STAY there, promotion is in any case slow. Soft paws, quiet steps, look and listen.

This has even bred the careerist in scholarship, the man who carefully studies WHAT KIND of anodyne bunk will lead him upward in the system, or best assure his income.

I have met various specimens, one definitely producing bunk to "get ahead," another mildly discontented with the dullness of work which was at any rate safe, and couldn't by any stretch of fancy lead one into an opinion on anything save its own dullness and, by comparison with any intellectual pursuit, its lack of use. Naturally he felt the need of his income.

Thus ultimately the makers of catalogues, etc., undeniably useful but undeniably giving a very low YIELD in intellectual life, or to the intellectual life of the nation.

In fact the idea of intellectual life IN an American University is usually presented as a joke by people with what is called a sense of humor.

When an experiment is made or advocated it is usually attributed (often correctly) to "cranks."

A crank in "this pragmatic pig of a world" as Wm. Yeats has ultimately come to designate the Celto-Saxon segments of the planet, is any man having ANY other ambition save that of saving his own skin from the tanners.

An inventor stops being a crank when he has made, i.e. acquired, money, or when he has been exploited by someone who has.

Henry Ford is the best possible type of crank (taken in his fort interieur). Henry himself was visible in his early days, but once inside the caterpillared tank of success his mental make-up is forgotten.

"C'est beau," said Fernand Leger in the best defense of the French Republic I have ever heard. "C'est beau, it is good to look at because it works without there being anyone of interest or importance, any 'great man' necessary to make it function."

It's "beau" all right, but dear old Fernand wasn't looking at the Comite des Forges, which might appear to come nearer to being the real government of France than the gents in the Deputes and the figurehead of the Elysees. The Comite has got its dictatorship and its one-party system.

All without public responsibility. Our own country when finally betrayed by Wilson also showed from its secret internal workings, not only the financiers who had some sort of responsibility, private if not public, but the louche figure of State militia "Colonel" House skulking from here to there with no responsibility whatsodamnever.

Disgust with Wilson, un-

impeached, bred a reaction against having "a strong man in the White House" and we suffered the three deficient, and Heaven knows what the present (as H. Mencken defines him) "weak sister" will offer us.

The problem of democracy is whether its alleged system, its *de jure* system, can still be handled by the men of good will; whether real issues as distinct from red herrings CAN be forced into the legislatures (House and Senate), and whether a sufficiently active segment of the public can still be persuaded to combine and compel its elected delegates to act decently in an even moderately intelligent manner.

Damn the bolsheviki as much as you like, the Russian projects have served as stimuli BOTH to Italy and to America. OUR democratic system is, for the first time, on trial against systems professing greater care for national welfare.

It becomes increasingly diffi-

cult to show WHY great schemes, Muscle Shoals etc., should be exploited for the benefit of someone in particular instead of for the nation as a whole.

It becomes, in fact it has become, utterly impossible to show that the personal resilience of the individual is less, or the scope of an individual action, his fields of initiative, is any more limited under Mussolini than under our pretendedly republican system.

(Excerpts from *New Directions Publishing Company*.)

Note: The "teuto-pollak" in Pound's fourth paragraph is, of course, Friedrich Nietzsche, a man even more misunderstood than (and obviously misunderstood by) the idaho-wop himself.

Contrary to what the ignorant believe, Nietzsche was not a touter of blond beasts nor a proto-Nazi nor an advocate of power in anything resembling a "vulgar" sense. For Nietzsche real power is not power over

others but over oneself - the will to power is the will to be more than one is. Has someone not read Zarathustra?

(The contrast with a "will to order" is interesting. Has someone not read *The Birth of Tragedy*?)

This is not the place for a lengthy defense of one of the most original and provocative thinkers who ever lived - Nietzsche provides his own best defense if one will only read him (and leave his shithheaded interpreters alone).

Uncle Ezra has apparently not read him or at least not well enough. From one who has repeatedly (in his ABC of Reading, for instance) stressed the importance of "going to the texts" such a lapse ought not to be taken lightly.

(Incidentally, the reason that Nietzsche was fond of claiming Polish ancestry was to place himself as far as possible from the German Reich and the enthusiasm for the "vulgar" power it represented. Could he have seen what was coming?)

-E. F. Shawver, Jr.

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JASON LEWIS

Perils Of a Pedal Pusher

by Victoria Smith

Houston has, I'm sure, some distinct advantages over other cities for bicycle riders; but right now, I can think of only one. The city is flat as a frisbee, so you don't need 10 or 15 speeds to get around. You can't really appreciate this natural convenience unless you've ridden a bicycle in a hilly town. (I had a bicycle in Minneapolis, a city with pronounced ups and downs, and whenever I left my house, I would shoosh down a steep hill — Houstonians would call it a mountain — uncomfortably aware that before I could return to my house, I would have to go back *up* that hill, a feat I could accomplish only by taking a two-block flying start.)

But in Houston, you can ride for miles with no strain. And yet, I'd sooner tackle the Minneapolis hills than take on the hazards of Houston, although I do it all the time. I wish the governmental

leaders responsible for this city would abandon their automobiles for a week or so and transport themselves by bicycle (a highly unlikely proposition, I admit), because on a bicycle, one comes into direct contact with some of the problems that plague Houston, problems that are getting worse, not better.

Pollution, for instance. I don't have to read the daily pollution count to know on which days the poisoned air is most poisonous. I can tell the minute I set out on my bicycle, as the stifling stench hits me in the face and keeps on coming. Cyclists are especially aware of pollution that emanates from automobile exhaust fumes, and when atmospheric conditions are such that these fumes are trapped near the ground, one returns from a bicycle trip with red, watery eyes, burning lungs and an angry disposition. It saddens me to think that this instructive experience is denied those who travel blithely in air conditioned cars, perhaps suspecting, but never really knowing — from actual experience — how truly unpleasant is the air they breathe.

And traffic congestion. It's one thing to navigate rush hour traffic in an automobile, but quite another on a bicycle. There's a lot of it (traffic, that is), and there seems to be more all the time. In fact, there are probably more cars on the roads in Houston (or will be soon) than the city facilities can accommodate. While this is certainly a distressing situation for drivers, it is even more distressing for the poor cyclist, weaving precariously in and out of lanes of traffic, choking on exhaust fumes and generally placing his or her life and health in the hands of some dingbat behind the wheel of a Ford. Not that cyclists should expect anything from this city: this is clearly an automobile town. But the bicycle rider, I think, is on the whole more *aware* of the extent of the problems. And, if you don't know it by now, we have a hell of a problem.

Another concern. How many motorists fully comprehend the lousy condition of our city streets? Even some of the major thoroughfares. But a cyclist is his own shock absorber, and every pothole, every break in the pavement is accurately registered in some part of his body. Try hitting Hawthorne in tenth gear, and you'll never do it again.

Then there are problems that relate specifically to the bicycle rider. Like no real bike routes. (Who takes the current "bike route" seriously?) We older cyclists can make our way under the present situation well enough, but a lot of young children brave the city streets on their little bikes, and watching them, you really wonder how they survive.

Two recent moves by the city deserve tentative applause from bicycle riders: the "hike and bike" trail (yet unfinished, I hope) along Buffalo Bayou, and the bicycle licensing ordinance (still not passed) to protect against bike thieves. (Stealing someone's bike is really a low-lived thing to do: it's something like stealing a dog.) Good bike routes are needed all over the city. But that would necessitate changes, however beneficial to all, that are so far-fetched that we hardly need bother to discuss them. Like, you'd have to do something about all those god damned cars that can apparently go anywhere their drivers wish to take them. Ha!

Bicycles provide an excellent, non-polluting, efficient means of transportation, but cycling has made me irascible and hateful. If it's not the air, the traffic or the roads, it's the lunatics behind the wheel or the dirty old men (whom, I sometimes believe, comprise about 90 per cent of Houston's male population), whistling, leering and generally behaving like morons. But this is only a problem for females: doesn't matter what she looks like, these creeps will force their slimy reality on anyone who appears to be of the opposite gender.

Perhaps this bothers me more than most other women, I don't know. But I am so disturbed that I can't just ride my bicycle in peace that I once entertained the notion of packing a pistol and brandishing it wildly when the first whistle of "Hey, baby," hit my ears. But that's not my style, so I opted for a sort of modified parschizophrenia, in which I presuppose that any male I encounter is a potential nuisance, and I snarl and glare *in advance*. If that doesn't work, I have a ready supply of insults, which I hurl loudly. Not much of a solution, but it makes *me* feel better.

But of course the city government can't do much about *that* problem. I only mention it because it is another hazard of bicycling, and because it makes me so damned mad.

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Hey, Baby! Woo! Woo!

Hearing Set on Bicycles

by Kim Lowry

A public hearing will be held by city council at 3 p.m. July 11 on the proposed bicycle registration and licensing ordinance intended to curb bicycle thefts. The proposed ordinance dates back to 1964, but did not receive a great deal of attention until this year.

In January, a strict ordinance was presented by Councilman Dick Gottlieb with such ridiculous provisions as fines up to \$50 for not having a bicycle licensed. However, this was mellowed and the new version contains three amendments to meet charges that the original ordinance was too restrictive and harsh.

The changes include: 1) a requirement that bicycles pass a safety inspection before being licensed; 2) failure to have a bike license would mean a warning citation on the first offense and a maximum \$5 fine for subsequent offenses (originally this was punishable by a maximum \$50 fine); 3) the penalty for willfully removing or destroying a manufacturer's serial number on a bicycle was reduced from a maximum \$50 to \$25.

This is not to imply that Council is unanimous in approval of the proposed ordinance. Councilman Homer Ford attacked the proposal as being "more harassment than service" to most bicycle owners.

He proposed deleting the safety inspection requirement.

changing the proposed two year license to one good for the life of the bike and removing provisions for fines for violations.

Council, however, refused to accept any of these.

Councilman Frank Mancuso said he failed "to see how this ordinance will help anybody. It will just make more work for the police department, and I don't believe the police are going to enforce it."

With the increased bicycle traffic, this ordinance could easily prove to be a tool for the Houston police department to pull anyone over at any time to hassle them. This seems to be one more case where city council might grant excessive power to the police in return for a false blanket of security regarding bicycle owners. Of course, the ordinance has received full backing from Police Chief Herman Short, even in its stricter version back in February.

Many cyclists feel this is a ridiculous ordinance with scary potential when left in the hands of the police. Comments ranged from, "They [police] will bust people on bicycles now, not just on the road hitch hiking," to "There's a slow creeping police state on all forms of transportation, covering a person virtually everywhere from the time he leaves his front door."

Perhaps cyclists who are alarmed at this proposed ordinance should make their feelings felt at 3 p.m. July 11 at city council.

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Jimmy Reed

Reed, Winter, Hill Rock On

by John M. Lomax

Jimmy Reed, a walking, talking legend in his own time, spent last weekend in Houston performing at Liberty Hall. People have been asking for years, What's happened to Jimmy Reed? Well, all that is water past the dam now, for Jimmy is back playing guitar and laying down those mournful blues. A whole generation of us grew up listening to his tales of lost love, stories of cruel bosses and takin' out insurance.

*Let me tell you people
What I'm a gonna do
I'm gonna rob, steal, kill
somebody
Just to get back home to you
Ain't that loving you baby
Ain't that loving you baby
Ain't that loving you baby
But you don't even know my
name.*

Thinking back through the years while listening to Jimmy I realized that this transplanted Chicagoan always had firm control over a sensuous beat. Indeed, there were dances constructed around his songs. His big tunes like "Bright Lights, Big City," "Big Boss Man," "You Don't Have to Go," "Peepin' and Hidin'," and "Shame Shame Shame" all featured Jimmy's harmonica and guitar

and you could depend on that harp to establish the sad mood his lyrics conveyed.

*Go ahead pretty baby
Honey knock yourself out
Go ahead pretty baby
Honey knock yourself out
I never loved you baby
But you don't know what
it's all about.*

A guitar great of my own generation, Johnny Winter, handled second lead and Houstonian David Carey furnished smooth basswork to go with a succession of drummers. The eventual choice Friday and Saturday turned out to be Janie Mae, Jimmy's fiancée, but by Sunday a lad whose name I did not catch filled in quite well. This impromptu quartet backed Jimmy very capably; although Johnny is known to be a flash axeman, he is well versed in blues and smart enough to employ his fast fingers in a supporting role. Scream as they would the more vocal/drunken members of the Friday audience could not induce him to try to upstage Jimmy.

By Sunday a revue format was developed enabling Winter to open with "Johnny B. Goode," and "Rock Me Baby," before Jimmy was announced. Johnny did trade lead lines, ham it up and get off some fantastic quick, quiet, sparkling runs, but always

within the framework of the songs Jimmy selected. After all, it was Reed's show; Johnny's restraint marked him as a man of firm character and sound musical training. Remember that the notes a guitarist does not play are often much more important than those he lets fly. And it sure was great to see Johnny back in action again.

Jimmy Reed was much younger than I had somehow anticipated; quite dapper in a light grey suit with glitter outlining his collar and the body of his well-used Guild. Sunday saw him in a blue pin-striped suit with a fantastic pair of black and white checkerboard loafers which set my feet to drooling. For his part, Johnny sported a fine necklace of rabbit's feet and a shirt which looked like a negligee from Frederick's of Hollywood. Jimmy sat in a chair at center stage with Winter to his right, bouncing with the joy the music gave him.

Jimmy addresses the crowd in an engaging growl similar to a slowed-down Wolfman Jack.

"We gon' try again tomorrow night. And if that don't work out we gonna come back again in the next night and see how that turns out."

His sets were divided between familiar classics and lesser known

compositions. Jimmy was relaxed, appreciative of the applause and shrewd enough to hold "Big Boss Man" and "Peepin' and Hidin'" back to the end, saving the latter for his encore Friday night and the former as his last number on Sunday. Even then the crowd begged for more and stayed 15 minutes over, clapping and whistling, although you know they headed homeward fully satiated.

I took some friends of mine over on Friday to hear Jimmy, and Tony Lange and his wife were so pleased by his show that they headed backstage to offer congratulations. The following dialogue took place:

Tony: "Damn Jimmy, you were sure good. I used to go to the Skyline Ballroom in Fort Worth and see you 10 years ago. What happened to you, man?"

Jimmy: "Yeah, I knocked 'em dead out there. I used to knock 'em dead like that at the Skyline 10 years ago. I got to be so good I had to take 10 years off to let the rest of 'em catch up with me."

What can Jimmy Reed mean to these middle class longhairs, many of whom grew up in comfortable surroundings? These kids don't know the same blues as this Mississippi native. For me, Jimmy Reed eased the pain

were only dancing.

Bittersweet memories maybe, but warm all the same. Outside between sets I was chatting with Liberty Hall's Linda Herrera about the giant crowd; people were squeezed into every chair, covering all the vacant floor space, packed into the balcony and even perched atop the scaffold constructed for *Ripped and Wrinkled*, C.C. Courtney's upcoming rock musical, and she said:

"Yeah. Jimmy Reed is Famous."

He's had some hard knocks along the way — a battle with the bottle, a small record company, inadequate promotion and other hassles. But he is back now and three nights of capacity crowds are proof enough of his genius and warm regard after three years of inactivity. If you missed him here, you might want to motor over to the Armadillo World Headquarters in Austin to see him Thursday or Friday, June 6-7.

"Thank you, thank you each and every last one of you. It's been a stone pleasure playing for you all." Likewise, Jimmy. Come back real soon.

Rocky Hill's Band opened up during Jimmy's appearances. Rocky Hill, as you may know, is brother to Dusty Hill of ZZ Top. They were both in the ill-fated American Blues of a few years back. "Tween then and now Rocky has had his own share of hard luck. At one point he decided to change his musical direction, so he played bass for Lightning Hopkins for a year, literally learning blues at the feet of the master. Rocky got himself back together, formed his own band and has been playing the Sandees-Irene's-Old Quarter circuit, gradually honing his skills to the point where he is now Houston's finest guitarist.

He performs with Freddie Ford on bass, "Turtle" DeHart drumming and an additional chap on congas, maracas and tambourine. The band utilizes old, old blues songs via Robert Johnson, Willie McTell, Otis Rush and equally mythical figures.

So what, you may be saying. Lots of folks do that.

Perhaps. But Rocky uses these tunes as a bare foundation to launch into his own screamin', slashing, incredibly incendiary guitar romps. It was ironic for him to be playing on the same bill with Johnny Winter, for Rocky at this stage is reminiscent of Johnny three years ago. I mean, back then in '69, before Johnny's discovery, a whole lot of people thought they were going crazy to be able to go hear Winter displaying his virtuosity for 50 cents cover charges. I mean, Am I nuts, or isn't this albino cat fantastic?

Now Johnny's the big star we always knew he should be and Rocky is burning down the house wherever he goes. Go on over to Sandee's this weekend and hear him, for I have a strong feeling it won't be long until Rocky "gets discovered."

I'd like to pause here to rebut Mr. John Scarborough of the



Johnny Winter

Chronicle who criticized Rocky's support in his review last Saturday. My contention is simply that Rocky is so good that the rest of the band pales by contrast. It may also be noted that Freddie Ford has been playing with Rocky less than a month and that the band itself is still in the formative stage. They'll get tighter and tighter as days go by; wait and see.

Mr. Scarborough also suggested that Rocky can't sing — a statement which I believe exposes a profound ignorance of Rocky's voice within the context of his material. Blues — and electric blues — does not demand a Tom Jones or Frank Sinatra-type voice, but a harsh, raw, urgent shout. This is blues, Mr. Scarborough, not background Muzak; this is a man sing-

ing about hard times, bad luck and trouble. The pain and agony must show through, and if there are some rough edges, then it makes it even more real.

I suppose John Scarborough thinks Albert King, Otis Spann and Robert Johnson couldn't sing either. And our own Lightning ain't exactly a mellow tenor.

Keep it up Rocky; the people know what you're into and they love your band. If Mr. Scarborough is straining to hear the inflection of your vocals while your band is tearing through "You Can't Judge a Book by Looking at the Cover," — with that sledgehammer beat and your soaring riffs — then it is his loss. We'll be tapping our feet and boogieing like mad while he carps away in his notebook.



Rocky Hill

photos by John Lomax

Rockin' With Angela

by Tary Owens



Angela and Lewis with Sunnyland. Photo by Burton Wilson.

Back in 1966, when the Texas music revolution was just starting, I played in an Austin band called the Southern Flyers. What we lacked in talent and experience we made up in enthusiasm and became a fairly popular local band. Spurred on by local success, California dreams and assorted herbs, we decided to move our band to San Francisco and seek our fortune.

After all, several of our Austin friends, such as Janis Joplin, Steve Miller, Powell St. John and Doug Sahm had gone to San Francisco and were doing quite well. Why couldn't we do it too?

We had a fine woman singer named Angela Strehli, who could wail the blues with the best of them, but the rest of the band was largely inexperienced in rock and roll. Most of us had just traded our acoustic guitars for electricity and just weren't ready for the high-charged competition of San Francisco in 1967.

After three months of starving with no gigs in San Francisco, the Southern Flyers went their separate ways. Angela moved to Los Angeles, started Angela and the Rockets and began paying her dues.

For the last five years Angela has been playing the circuit between Texas and California, changing musicians, shaping her style and biding her time. Playing every small club and blues bar between Houston and L.A., she has slowly developed a unique sound, soulful and hard as well as sensual. Today she has emerged as perhaps the best white blues singer since Janis.

Angela has a style all her own; she was greatly influenced by such singers as Big Mama Thornton, Coco Taylor and Tina Turner, but she has nurtured a distinctive sound and has avoided falling into anyone else's bag.

Most of the time, Angela's old man, Lewis, works with her, his excellent harmonica adding a superb contrast to her voice. Lately, though, Lewis has been working with the Austin blues group, Storm, while Angela has been singing mostly with soul bands such as James Polk and the Brothers. This weekend they will be back together again as Angela and the Rockets play at Miss Irene's, Friday through Sunday.

Miss Irene's has recently reopened under the management of Rocky Hill and Dale Sofar of the Old Quarter. They promise to present the best of the blues every week, following the tradition set by Miss Irene and Clifton Chenier in 1946.

This weekend is a great one for blues in Houston. In addition to Angela and the Rockets' appearance, Mance Lipscomb will be at the Old Quarter Saturday night, Muddy Waters is at La Bastille and Rocky Hill will play at Sandee's. It will be possible to get a complete history of the blues and rock and roll this weekend, from the beginnings in the Delta and Brazos river bottoms to the sounds of today.

Last week I said that rock and roll is not dead and you could prove it by attending some of the shows in town recently. Well, this is The Blues Are Alive And Well Week in Houston. Get up off of your apathy and go to any of these shows and catch

some of the real excitement of the blues. Mance Lipscomb is 77 years old this year and still going strong; Angela is only a baby in her twenty's, but she is one of the sexiest, most real female singers around — a natural-born blues singer. Don't let her get away without catching her act.

short takes

Earth, Water, Fire and Air

The latest cookbook I've come across is Barbara Friedlander's *Earth, Water, Fire and Air*. I'm afraid it is just one more in a long line of glossy, very expensive "new age" cookbooks.

Barbara, along with Bob Cato, who did the photography, and Ira Friedlander, who did the jacket design, offer this cookbook to our five senses in hopes that it will awaken the sixth sense — "the sense of awareness." I must admit it serves its purpose. At \$7.95 hardback or \$3.95 paperback, this cookbook makes you aware of the high-priced, pretentious "new age" we are indeed realizing.

There are many recipes calling for dairy products and some with specialty products available only at certain shops. All of this, added on to the price of the book, makes for quite an investment.

Vegetarianism is more than Bob's well done photographs or Ira's "selected" list of books and

records for spiritual awareness. It is more than Barbara's recipes, which are not what the publisher claims them to be: "original . . . new concept in cooking . . . fresh approach." But, for the beginning vegetarian, the book may serve a useful purpose. However, beware of vegetables that are drowning in cheese sauces or lost under an avalanche of spices.

Any such cookbook as this is desperately needed, for surely there must be a change in our meat-eating, chemicalized, sugar-addicted society. But a real and radical change will come only when we quit relying on "new age" cookbooks filled with recipes that satisfy the old age palate. That which is radical is often simple. Be honest to yourself and your tastebuds. You will discover yourself, your food and your friends, the vegetables.

— Peggy Murphy

The Last of the Red Hot Lovers

Summers must generate a need to laugh, y'know? Here in Houston, we've been flooded with comedies. This one, "The Last of the Red Hot Lovers," has to be laughed at a lot. It's good as hell, period.

Three people help here to

make one helluva funny piece. First is Neil Simon, second Alan Arkin, and thirdly a man whose name I missed on the credits, the editor.

Simon is in his own way, a bit of a genius. I know he pumps play after play into David Merrick's lap to be produced, and 99 44/100% are hits. But let us examine his unique genius. He has a line into man somewhere. He KNOWS so many of "everyman's" weaknesses, and how to handle them with respectful satire.

Artistically, there's not too much to Simon's work, but it does the job, and most of the time, you come out of the theatre with tears in your eyes from laughing so hard. This is also the case with "Red Hot Lovers." No one can deny that he's a funny man.

But the way he's funny is quite unique. He takes one of the most basic needs of the middle-aged man: extramarital sex (well, it's not really a need, but certainly a damn strong desire in most of us mortals), and turns it into a beautifully subtle tour de farce, or something very close.

His dialogue and actions (aided by the way by Gene Saks' screenwriting) go from galloping garrulousness to constipated excretions of inarticulate feelings. And you feel it! You're sitting there going, "Yeah. That's exactly what I'd do." Or, "My Uncle Harry does things that way, too." He's inside your head as much as mine.

So much for Simon. Now for Arkin.

Alan Arkin is a sensitive comic, dramatic actor of extraordinary versatility. Anyone who saw "The Russians Are Coming . . ." or "Wait Until Dark" can testify to his range as an actor. Here is one of his most intense portrayals.

Complete with bald head and business suit Arkin talks to himself, cleans glasses up and puts them away after blowing it with a chick, and finds himself sexually inadequate in the worst way. Poor fellow, in a world

with promiscuity everywhere, he doesn't see it ANYwhere.

You want so badly for him to get in bed with a chick, and when the laughter begins, you're SO glad he didn't. That's part of the key to Arkin's style meshing with Simon's. You love his character. He's out of his mind, but you love him. You feel sorry for him and then feel that NO one THAT stupid deserves pity or empathy. Then, it's hard to feel anything anymore because you're laughing again.

Now, as for Sally Kellerman . . . well, that goes without saying. She doesn't have the great control that such a fine actor as Arkin does, but she sure may have it in a few more years. She boxes Arkin's character around the sets, and in the process, makes you feel for HER. Simon again.

Paula Prentiss is funny, but still Paula Prentiss. I think, maybe, she's lived around Dick Benjamin too much. But she and Arkin DO work well together and make their scenes together great fun to watch.

I must explain that I really can't go into the plot or any of that, because it's very rudimentary and I'd blow your enjoyment of the movie. If someone had told me about it, I'd have killed him after coming out of the theatre.

The film was excellently edited. I didn't see the dude's name, but Lord, what nice work. It really does a lot for the movie. When I expressed the different ways that the action and dialogue help the viewer to identify with certain aspects of the character, in a way, I was pointing out the editing also. So few editors get the credit they deserve; many oscars have been picked up thanks to ingenious editing.

On the whole, the film is funny, funny, funny. Alan Arkin is funny, funny, funny. Sally Kellerman is funny, funny, funny. Neil Simon is funny, funny, funny

—Rick Johnson



Photo by Burton Wilson

Mance Lipscomb, the legendary blues master, will play at the Old Quarter Saturday, July 8. Don't miss this!

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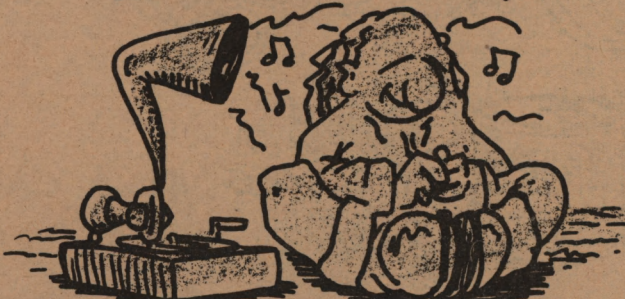
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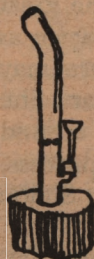


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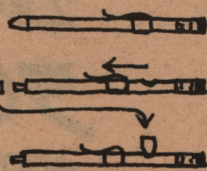


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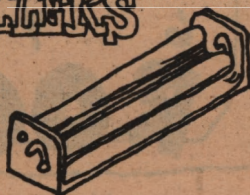


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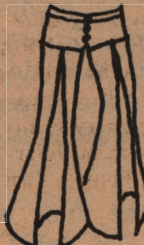
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SPACE·IN

Cinema

Ben. Sequel to Willard. The day has come when Walt Disney is being challenged, in mass production sordid animal movies. Puzzling thing is Joseph Campanella, Arthur O'Connell, and Meredith Baxter starring. Everywhere. PG. (probably not anywhere near for kids)

The Cowboys. Still here. My goodness but America seems to just thrive on watching kids get a chance to prove how much of a man they are, by showing how well they can kill. This, of course, is the american pre-requisite to being a mature male. This horseshit stars John (Love it, or leave it) Wayne and his own sadistic cub scout troop. T&C Six. PG. (?)

City Lights. Chaplin! That's right! Watch the genius at work in two films; back to back. Park II, 522-5632. G.

Conquest of the Planet of the Apes. Another sequel, but don't laugh. It's keeping Roddy McDowell working and off the streets. Also in a lot of make-up. Everywhere! PG.

Duck, You Sucker. Sounds like a real winner (sic). But, it does have Rod Steiger. Check it out if you're that flush on bread. Drive-ins and neighborhoods, check your dailies. PG.

Fiddler On The Roof. "Dai, uh, deeguh, daidle, dum . . ." Tower, reserved, 523-7301. G.

The French Connection. Subways are for sleeping. Shamrock. R.

Fritz the Cat. Somecat, somemovie, something? If the dude keeps up at this rate, he'll die of a thrombosis very soon. Park III, X.

The Godfather. If "Picture" is the finest of '71, this is no doubt the best of '72. A fantastically beautiful, gutsy, intelligent, informative, well-acted, well-directed, (have I run out of expletives?) movie. The king, Marlon Brando turns in the finest performance in a long, long time. Al Pacino is just as good; with others like Bob Duval, Richard Castellano, Sterling Hayden, and Richard Conte being merely brilliant. Francis Ford Coppola directs (and how!!). Held over at the Galleria. R.

Hitchcock's Frenzy. He's back at his directing best, or best direction, whichever applies. Nevertheless, quite a good picture by the master of suspense. Campy as hell, too; if that matters at all to any of you. Gaylynn Terrace, 771-1261. High prices, but good. R.

Junior Bonner. Action drama; heavy on the action, light on the drama and everything else. Steve McQueen stars. Drive-ins. Check your dailies. PG.

Klute. Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland in two of the finest drawn characters of their careers. A very fine movie. If you missed it the first time it was here . . . Get off yer ass and go see it!! Alameda, 941-3444. R.

The Last Picture Show. The best, bar none, BEST movie of 1971. Peter Bogdanovich directs one of the finest casts ever assembled in one place, including: Cloris Leachman, Ben Johnson, Jeff Bridges. If you haven't seen this one, you're either very poor or in jail or dead or have the taste of a cretin or . . . Delman. R.



MUDDY WATERS: In his early days, he wailed the blues for 50 cents a night, a fish sandwich and a half-pint of moonshine. Now he's known as King of the Blues, and will make his very first Houston appearance at La Bastille July 6-July 15. For information or reservations, call 227-2036 or 227-3788.

The Last of the Red Hot Lovers. Alan Arkin comes close or passes without you knowing it, his genius performance in THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING . . . If you're tired of downers, scrape the bread up, and go see this one. Funny, very funny. Co-stars Sally Kellerman (hilarious), and Paula Prentiss. Loew's Twin, high prices. R.

The Other. One is asked not to reveal this film's ending. Ho-hum. But the work as fine an actress as Uta Hagen is a must to see (for those who might care she ORIGINALLY played Martha in . . . Virginia Woolf? on Broadway). Alabama. PG.

Play It Again, Sam. Woody Allen comes out klutzing and carries it off to a farcical finish. Nice film version of his Broadway play. Galleria, 625-4011. PG.

Portnoy's Complaint. If you got off to the book, good. If you didn't read the book, you may want to after seeing this one. Dick Benjamin, Karen Black, and Lee Grant (excellent). Windsor, 622-2650. R.

Red Sun. An able cast of people working with one man who makes any film worth seeing. Toshiro Mifune. Majestic and most outdoors. PG.

Snoopy Come Home. I guess he hasn't found it yet. For Peanuts freaks. Northwest Four. G.

Shaft's Big Score. Of what? Sequel to the first money-maker, Robert Roundtree, Moses Gunn star; Gordon Parks directs. Metropolitan. R.

The War Between Men and Women. Another kind of "fun trash" has replaced George C. Jack Lemmon, and Jason Robards, Jr. (outstanding) star in one of their funnier efforts with Babara Harris in this comedy based on cartoonist James Thurber. River Oaks, 524-2175. PG.

What's Up, Doc? Spiced-up pablum. Like eating a good steak without any

salt, or pepper. Ryan (the one and only) O'Neal and Barbara Streisand do some fancy footwork around a fine crowd of bit players, including our own hometown boy, Randy Quaid (who's really damn good in this). T&C Six, high priced. G.

Theater

The Boy Friend. Why? With Carl Deese, Colleen O'Kit, and Jack Dickinson. Fondren Street Theatre, 783-9930.

Calamity on Campus, or the Pot at the End of the Rainbow. Theatre Suburbia thru July 22. 1410 W. 43rd, 682-3525.

Child's Play. Zero. Too, too much money to spend for such clap-trap. Nina Vance produces yet another dog, and Beth Sandford blows her directing assignment. Dark Mondays. (That) The Alley Theatre, 228-8421.

A Thousand Clowns. Originally starred Jason Robards, Jr. on Broadway, which lets you know a little about the difficulty the lead male has in doing this show. Funny, funny if it's done well. Herb Gardner stars in this Friday's opening at the Treehouse Cabaret Theatre, through Sundays at 9pm. 5900 Bissonnet.

Ripped and Wrinkled
A musical fantasy with 35 original songs, the Bloontz All Stars. Previews Friday, July 7 and Sat, July 8 at 8pm at Liberty Hall, 1610 Chenevert. Tickets are \$2.00.

Music

La Bastille
Old Market Square
Muddy Waters, The Immortal Bluesman, inspiration for the Rolling Stones, don't miss him. Thursday thru July 15. Three shows nightly.

Miss Irenea

Studemont, across from the Blue Ribbon Rice Mills, Angela and the Rockets; Angela Strehli is the female equivalent of Johnny Winter — that is — the finest white, female blues singer since Janis. She's paid her dues, pay your and see her. Rocky Hill, July 13-16 and Storm, from Austin July 20-23.

Sandee's

South Park and OST. Rocky Hill, Houston's finest bluesman (see Jimmy Reed review), need we say more?

The Mad Dog

Village Shopping Center, Times near Kirby

Astrodome

Astrodome Jazz Festival, the greatest array of jazz artists ever to appear in Houston, a must! Produced by George Wein of the Newport Jazz Festival. Roberta Flack, Herby Mann, Dizzy Gillespie, Thelonius Monk, Art Blakey, Arnett Cobb, Ike and Tina Turner, B B King!, Donny Hathaway, Cannonball Adderly, Jimmy Smith, Clark Terry, Kenny Burrell, Dave Brubeck, Jerry Milligan, Paul Desmond etc; July 7-8, Tickets \$7, 6, 5, 4 per performance at Astrodome, Ticket-town, Houston ticket service, Continental Showcase, Montgomery Ward.

Slugs

Garrott and Barnard
Mostly music from the stereo, but dancing, good vibes, and 3 different music sections (Rock, Jazz and Classical); Jam Sessions featuring some of Houston's finest jazzmen; booze etc.; a real classy joint.

The Old Quarter

Congress & Austin
Mance Lipscomb, the legendary blues master. Saturday July 8, see where the blues began; Vince Bell, Friday; Bruiser Bart, Monday; The Rockin' Blue Diamonds, Thursday, Houston's funkiest bar.

Music Hall

Procol Harum, Saturday July 8, 8pm, outstanding advocates of "Whiter Shade of Pale" and other classics, presented by Southwest Concerts.

Hofheinz Pavilion

The Osmonds, Bubble gum to keep the kids off the street and into fetish fantasies. Saturday July 8, 7:30pm.

Hofheinz Pavilion

The Carpenters, they may be commercial but they are excellent musicians with a few exceptional songs and unique vocals. Friday, July 7, 8:30pm.

Metropolitan Theater

Downtown on Main Street. FANNY in a special midnight show, July 15. Four lovely ladies who'll shake your fanny. Tickets at Grass Hut, Staff of Life, and Metro. Theatre.

Hermann Park's Miller Theater

Houston Pops Orchestra, free concert featuring trumpeter Ned Battista and songstress Joyce Webb. Joyce could be as great as Janis if she would stay away from the squares but maybe she digs it. Saturday, July 8, 8:30pm.

Hermann Park's Miller Theater

Houston Symphony, free summer concert series with conductor, Dr. A. Clyde Roller, guests: Sunday, Soprano Earline Ballard, Monday, pianist Mary Elizabeth Lee, Thursday, violinist Charles Tabony; 8:15pm.

MORE MUSIC ON 16

JES' REMEMBER SHOOTIN' POOL CURES WARTS



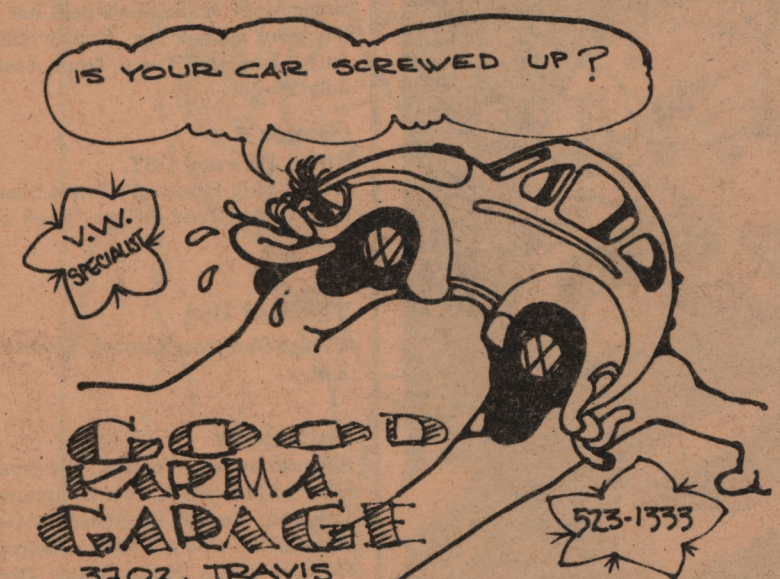
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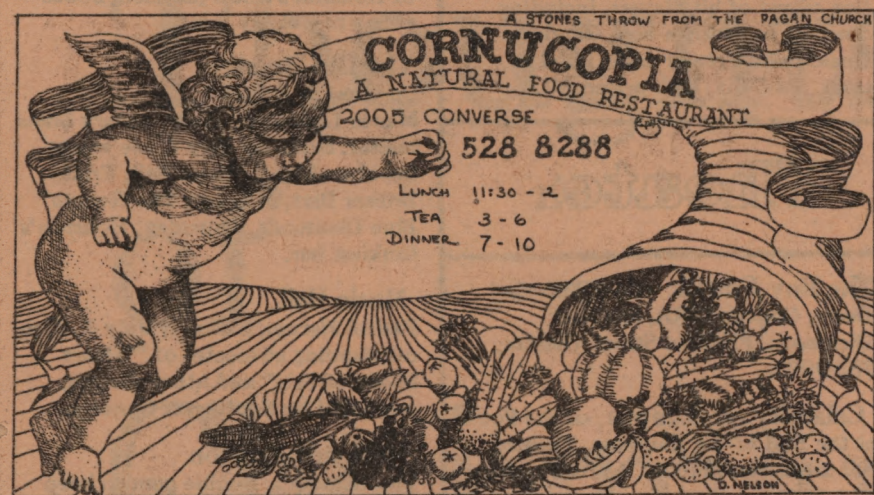
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MUSIC SPACE—IN CONT

Tanney's
4729 Calhoun, across from U of H.
Lawrence Brothers and Mark and Patty, Thursday; Thursday's Children, Friday and Saturday; Sunday thru Tuesday — Lawrence Brothers. Bluegrass, folk, rock, hamburgers, beer. Coming July 12 & 13 — Don Sanders.

Hofheinz Pavilion
The Yes, presented by 12th St. Productions, July.
more info later.

Paintings and Plastics

Contemporary Arts Museum
3147 Montrose, 526-3129
LICHTENSTEIN, 12 comic book like paintings to be seen through Aug. 20. Upper Gallery.
AFTER SCHOOL ART, Colorful paintings and drawings by children of all ages. Lower level gallery.

Museum of Fine Arts
1001 Bissonnet, 526-1361.
CALDER AND MIRO, "A Childs Summer with Calder and Miro." For both, a grand mixture of serenity and mystery; the two artists mirror each other in different mediums. Masterson Junior Gallery.

Galleries

ADEPT GALLERY, Luther G. Walker in a one-man show of paintings, poetry and prose. 6-9pm, weekdays; 1-5pm, Sun. 1317 Binz.

ARTIST OUTLET COMMUNITY CENTER, Local black artists on the black life style. Most media. 9-5pm, Mon-Sat. 2603 Blodgett.

BLACK ARTS FESTIVAL, Works by Texas Southern University students and Houstonians. Hours are 10am-6pm, weekdays, noon to 6pm, Sat. and 2-6pm Sun. 3303 Lyons.

CONTRACT GRAPHICS, Summer exhibition on the portfolio works of Ed Ruscha, Richard Haas and Bryce Marden through July 31. 5116 Morningside, 524-1593.

CRAWFORD GALLERY, Landscapes and still lifes by Rodde and Savin. Sculptures by Choate. 10am-5pm, Tues-Sat., 1100 Bissonnet.

DUBOSE GALLERY, Contemporary graphics by various artists. Also their famous African and Pre-Columbian collection. 2950 Kirby, 526-2353.

FERNDALE POTTERY, Handmade stoneware and bronze, 9am-5pm, Mon-Sat. 2902 Ferndale, 528-2796.

FRAME FORUM, Prints, odds and ends. Also inexpensive framing services by local artists. 1405 Waugh.

GOOD EARTH GALLERY, A great new gallery concept. Features Houston artists. The price is right. Hours are 11am-3pm and 7-10pm, daily. 508 Louisiana.

HOOKS-EPSTEIN GALLERY, Contemporary graphics by various artists. 1200 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

LATENT IMAGE, Old and new photographs of Houston. A feast for the eye. 1122 Bissonnet, 529-2343.

MATRIX, Featuring five photographers offering a "hodge-podge" of styles. Fairview at Taft.

HENKLE GALLERY, The World of Peter Max. Hours are 11am-6pm. Tues-Sat. and 11am-5pm Sun. 2590 Kirby.

ROBINSON GALLERIES, "Olympic Art 1972." Famed international artists and their concept of the Olympic games. 3220 Louisiana, 528-7674.

Consumer Rights Conference:
July 5-8, 9am-1pm daily on the TSU campus at the Law School. Free, no registration fee. What to do about repossession, bad credit problems, how to assert your consumer rights and the latest on the Supreme Court decision. Sponsored by Preventive Law Center and the TSU Law School, transportation will be provided for those who really need it. For more information, please call 526-2147.



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unclassified

IN FOR LIFE. Would like to correspond with some intelligent people. All letters will be answered. Ron Browning 125538, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

VERY SINCERE MALE CONVICT looking for someone to correspond with. All letters will be answered. Prefer ages 18-40. No discrimination on basis of race or color. Cleophus Parkey 127-459, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601

A MESSAGE TO GOD: Dear God, I recently read a scripture in the Bible: Hebrew 13:1-2. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Well, if there are any of you angels of God out there in Houston, Texas, you're welcome to come and see me. I could use your help and guidance. Sincerely, David Fojtik, 310 Robmore, Houston, Texas.

GARAGE SALE. 4820 Austin. Books, clothes, records etc. This Fri, Sat, Sun.

I AM A PRISONER IN WASHINGTON PRISON. I'm 23 years old and I don't get any mail at all. I wish to write to people who would like a lonesome friend. I would prefer girls from the ages of 18 to 35. I never really knew what loneliness was until I ended up here. I am very sincere in writing this. If you write, please enclose a stamp as I only get three from the state to write letters with. Write to Chuck Carrell 625455, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

6 MONTH NEW RCA, supposedly 300 watt, maybe 50 watts continuous per channel. And RCA turntable, all really nice - not cheap, however. \$175 for both, and that's a good price. See at 227 1/2 West Alabama, Apt. 2.

LONELY PRISONER, white, male, 29 years old would like to write to anyone. I am also a loving Capricorn. Earle S. Cavanaugh 127836, Box 777, Monroe, WA 98272.

BOBBY: I REMEMBER AND cherish our nights in Huntsville. I miss you and I'll always love you. Kris.

I AM 45 YEARS OF AGE AND I AM very lonely with no one to write to. I would appreciate very much corresponding with anyone. I will answer all letters. Will someone please write me? Walter Sparks 132314, Box 5500, Chillicothe, OH 45601.

LINDA: CONTACT ME THROUGH Space City! I'm in prison and I love you. How's Crosby, Tx? Gino.

FRIENDLY CALIFORNIA prison inmate would really like to receive some mail from far-out people to help pass the long hours I must spend here. Please send a photo if you can. Joe Kennedy, Box B-38092, Jamestown, CA 95327.

ANYONE KNOWING THE whereabouts of Gary North please call John Lopez at 692-5279 any time. If no answer, please call back: very important!

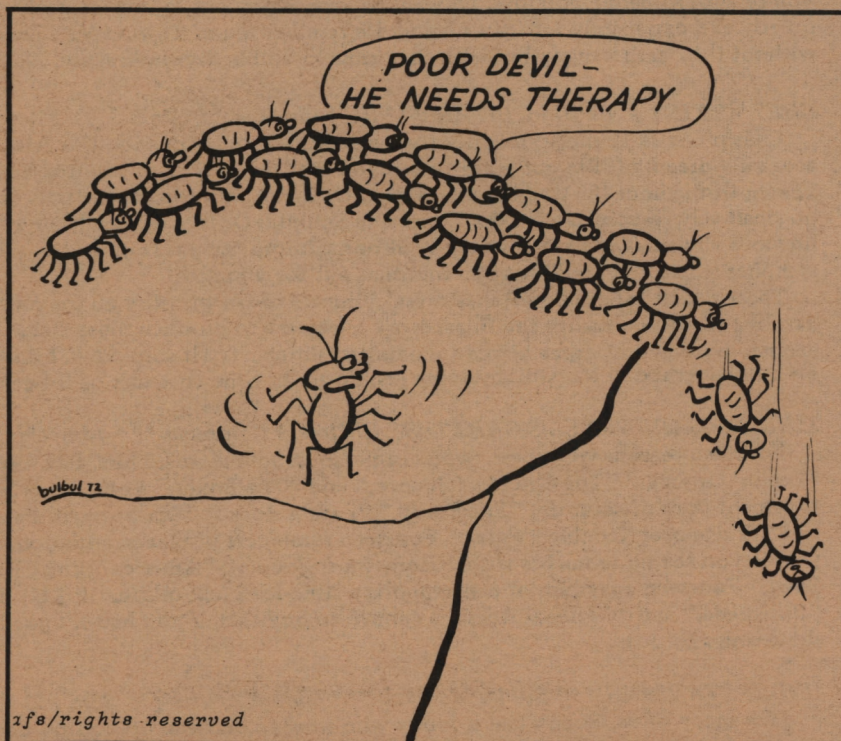
BLUE 190 MERCEDES BENZ: \$495. See at Continental Sport Cars, 300 W. Bay Area Blvd, in Webster, TX.

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Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Unclassifieds, Space City!, P.O. Box 70086, Houston, 77007. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women and gay people. Not all "sex ads" are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't. We will generally accept ads however, for roommates which specify gay or straight, male or female, to avoid possible confusion when two parties get together. Space City! reserves the right to reject any ad, or to change or delete portions not in keeping with our policy.



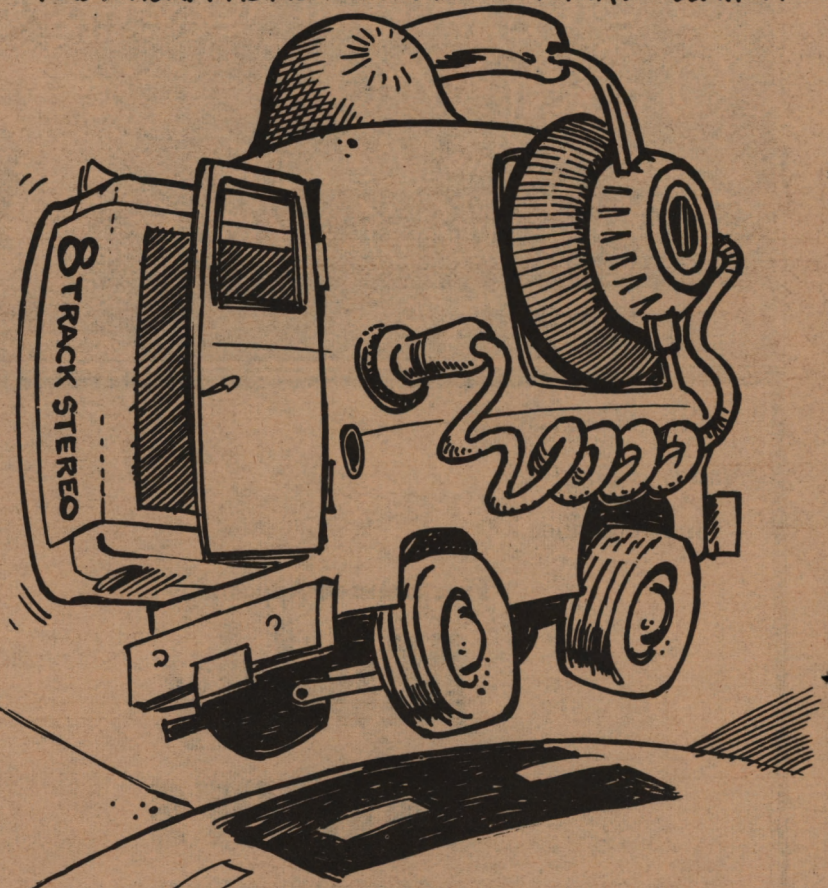
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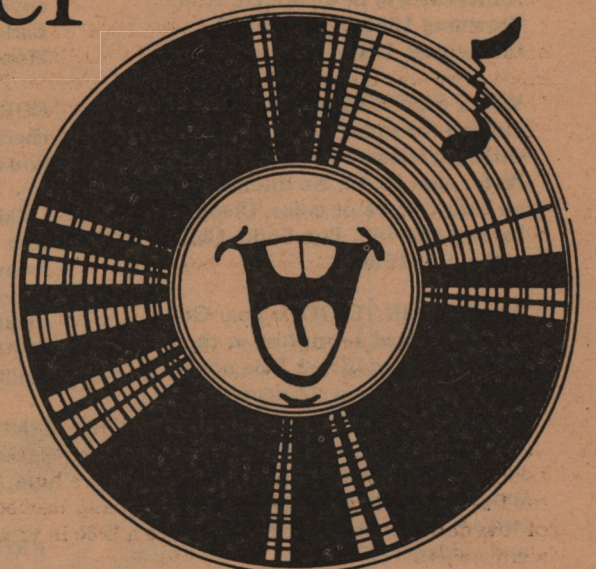
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LA BASTILLE

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Platter Chatter



by John M. Lomax

Maybe we'll get some rain one of these days. Meanwhile, you might try rock and roll. Next week's menu includes Muddy Waters at La Bastille, opening Thursday through the 15th. Friday and Saturday will bring a double feature of bubblegum into town as the Carpenters and Osmonds perform. Saturday at the Music Hall is the time and place for a Procol Harum, Black Oak Arkansas and Heads, Hands & Feet concert. The Astrodome Jazz Festival will also unfold over the weekend, featuring people like B.B. King, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, Donny Hathaway, Herbie Mann, Dave Brubeck, Cannonball Adderley, Ike and Tina Turner and other greats.

I mentioned an appearance by the Kinks last week; I now find it has been canceled.

Fanny comes to the Metropolitan Theater midnight July 15.

Rocky Hill Band will be at Sandee's from Thursday the 6th through Sunday the 9th.

At the Old Quarter: Frank Davis on Sunday, Bruiser Barton on Monday and Mayo Thompson's Blue Diamonds Wednesday and Thursday.

Ripped and Wrinkled, C.C. Courtney's next production will open at Liberty Hall next Wednesday, July 12.

And Yes will be here July 31, so dust off those boogie clothes.

Born Under a Bad Sign Department: Deep Purple, England's hardest rockers, are back for another tour and the following information comes my way from Warner-Reprise' weekly publication, the Circular:

"Purple Precaution — Victims of hepatitis for two tours running, Deep Purple have taken measures to safeguard their next try at the United States. The group will be accompanied on all stops by a doctor and his family."

BLUE RIVER * Eric Anderson *** Columbia *** 39m 21s**

Eric journeyed to Nashville for this one and recorded with the likes of Kenny Buttrey, David Briggs, Eddie Hinton, David Bromberg and Andy Johnson. Norbet Putnam produced and played bass and someone induced Joni Mitchell to lend her crystal voice in backing vocals on the title song.

The resulting disc is a serene piece, evoking a restful drift down a gentle stream. Eric won't assault your ears or strain your cerebrum but he will smooth your rough edges and lay his tranquil tunes at your minds' troubled doorstep.

All alone a Father sits

Thinking of his son

Far away a mother sleeps

Her baby yet unborn

Chorus: Rain and Wood and fire and stone

Magic all across the land

Seasons come and times will go

Right through your hand, like wind and sand

In a while a child will grow

A bird will learn to fly

Pretty soon a child will know

What it is to make a life

Chorus: Long before the river goes

Far from where it was

Long before it meets the sea

A child will know of love

Oh so mellow. Smooth as Michuocan. Something to play after dark when you're with someone you love. Or want to love. Every cut insinuates itself quietly and exquisitely into your being. He reminds me of Townes Van Zandt without the death hangup but with that same infallible rhythmic sense. 95

CHET ATKINS AND HIS GUITAR * RCA Camden *** 26m 27s**

Chet presents 12 more sprightly romps exploring guitar possibilities most axes only dream of. I'm not going to tell you that this man is so talented he is known throughout the trade as Mr. Guitar. Or that his impeccable artistry is in no small way responsible for the "Nashville Sound." Or that he has 30 or 40 previous albums. Or that he is equally at home improvising jazz or under symphonic batons. You'll have to find that out for yourself.

These dozen too-brief sketches reveal glimpses of his wizardry all the more dazzling when you realize the finger-work necessary to produce those rich, delicate notes which come across sounding so simple. Try it sometime. I'll assign no number grade to Mr. Guitar. Some people are beyond that sort of fol-de-rol.

SIMON & GARFUNKEL'S GREATEST HITS * Columbia *** 44m 25s**

Fourteen reasons why these two became household words. "Mrs. Robinson," "Feelin' Groovy," "The Sound of Silence," and "The Boxer." Fourteen grounds to lament their dissolution. "For Emily," "I am a Rock," "Scarborough Fair," and "Bridge over Troubled Water." Fourteen reminders of places, situations and people you shared moments with. "Homeward Bound," "America," and "Kathy's Song." Fourteen examples of contemporary American folk music. "If I Could," "Bookends," and "Cecilia." Reasons enough to buy this, if you haven't got these songs by now.

UNDERSTANDING * Bobby Womack *** United Artists *** 35m 31s**

Like many of us, Bobby had a daddy who worked his head off so that his sons could have a better life. In Bobby's case his father recognized his musical

talent and encouraged him, slaving away in the steel mills and helping him, first into gospel music and then later, when Bobby went to study under folks like Sam Cooke and Wilson Pickett. Along the way Bobby learned not only how to play guitar but also how to write, sing, arrange and produce his music — chores which he handled on this lush package. He sings his own tunes, with assistance from a Jimmy Lewis effort, a Neil Diamond ditty and the inevitable Lennon-McCartney selection.

And he is as smooth as a hen's egg. He does a little spoken intro in current soul style, then launches into the singing of the songs with a voice that sure enough sounds influenced by Pickett and Cooke. Talk about learning from the best. It's a good soul platter from a man whose previous compositions include "It's All Over Now," the Rolling Stones' first hit, "Looking for a Love," J. Geils' smash (of which the Womack brothers version sold 400,000 copies), and "I'm a Midnight Mover." He also worked in the studio with folks like Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, Joe Tex, Jerry Butler and The Sweet Inspirations. And he has two previous lps on his own. Bobby clearly knows where he's going, so you may as well go along with him. 90

THE DEVIL'S HARMONICA * Shakey Jake Harris *** Polydor *** 43m 14s**

Shakey has only been blowing harp for 46 years, since his fifth birthday. He's one of those Chicago bluesmen who makes that harmonica mourn, whistle, cry or scream

or scream, and you'll hear all that and more on this fine disc. John Mayall produced it as the second in his series for Crusade Records, the first being J.B. Lenoir. Not content to merely produce the album, lay out the artwork and pen the liner notes, Mayall and his current group backed up Harris in this program of low down Chicago blues. As real as a hole in your pocket or cold toes on a winter night.

Ol' Lightnin' says that "the blues is kinda hard to get acquainted with — like death." It is clear that Jake Harris has been on speaking terms with those blues for a long time, having moved to Chicago in 1928 and spending the years 'tween then and now with music, quite a bit of the time fronting his own combo. He is very good both singing and playing. This record, like all Mayall projects, is impeccably produced and recorded. James Cotton is a lot better known, but for my money, Shakey Jake Harris can blow with him or anyone else. 90

ARGUS * Wishbone Ash *** Decca *****

Houston has been fortunate enough to have observed Wishbone Ash on three occasions in the last two years. During this time they have risen from amid the ranks of British groups to a position along with Yes as the best of the new imports. *Argus* showcases this current expertise and shows why they so thoroughly shut Jo Jo Gunne down at the Music Hall last month.

The drumming of Steve Upton is clear and combines beautifully with the integrated lead guitars of Ted Turner and Andy Powell. Lead lines are distortion-free, well conceived and clearly executed. There is a simplicity and inevitability to the songs, the feeling of "no other way" which characterizes all fine rock 'n roll. Then too, there is the air of mystery implicit in the music, song titles and enigmatic cover like something from Erich von Daanikens' *Chariots of the Gods*.

I can visualize this on the old tape deck, motoring down the road on a trip with unknown outcome. Out there alone, maybe crossing the desert with a red sun fading and quiet all around. Outside, the world's beauty beckons, and in your ears the haunting elegance of Wishbone Ash. 95. Bidy says they remind her of the parts of *Future Games* when Fleetwood Mac really gets to humming.

MOUSETRAP * Spencer Davis *** United Artists *** 38m 11s**

March of 1967 saw the release of Spencer Davis' first record featuring a chap named Steve Winwood on vocals with a killer song called "Gimme Some Loving." Dee Murray handled bass duties then, a chore he now fulfills with Elton John. Spencer is currently on his own and has this good-time album with his new compositions coupled with songs like the old Leadbelly traditional, "Ella Speed," "I Washed my Hands in Muddy Water," and "Easy Rider."

It's been a long road from England to the Record Plant in Los Angeles. Along the way, Spencer has mellowed from hard rock into this acoustic vein. He's forsaken volume for accuracy in much the same way as our country has advanced from saturation to precision bombing... The album is prettied up with the presence of Gib Glibeaux, "Sneaky" Pete Kleinow, Jim Keltner, Lee Sklar and Larry Knechtel; consequently it sounds a wee bit Nashvillean:

*Listen to the things that make you happy
Listen to the rhythm in your bones
Everything is moving in a pattern
Fallin' round your ears like golden tones
Seems that only livin' matters
Dreams that die are soon reborn
Groovin on each other's laughter...*

Wow! Fine song. Finer album. Some rock, some country. Some oldies. Some new things. Some bad, but most mighty fine. Spencer can capture my ears anytime. 89

UNCLE PEN * Bill Monroe *** Decca *** 23m 58s**

The last nine months of intense record reviewing have taught the old dog some new tricks. I had a friend once so tough he could justifiably say, "There are three things you just don't do: piss into the wind, fence with Zorro or mess with me." I have learned that there are some artists you just don't mess with after some experience seeing my mistakes magnified 15,000 times per week. So a mite of wisdom has permeated my written foolishness.

I've learned that reviewing creates a "lazy" ear, that my own tastes have

moved from acid rock towards bluegrass and that all kinds of music have their own untouchables. Some folks have mastered their instruments so completely and their competition so decisively that criticism of them is like chewing on a brick wall or asking the ocean to stop rolling.

Men like Chet Atkins, Eric Clapton, Earl Scruggs and Lightning Hopkins are literally beyond petty carping. So is Bill Monroe, with his mastery of the mandolin and traditional bluegrass forms. I've not even unwrapped his record, yet I know it will be so good that my review will be as comments about the beauty of the clouds. So I'll go listen... There! Just as I thought. 94

THEM * (Van Morrison) *** Parrot *** 2 record set 56m 44s total time**

Them began in Ireland in 1963 with Van Morrison as lead singer. Seven years ago they released a debut album featuring "Here Comes the Night," "Gloria," "One Two Brown Eyes" and one of the greatest rock songs ever, "Mystic Eyes," a tune which Lester Bangs notes inside the package as "an alltime brain blitz fully as devastating today as it ever was."

This package contains that first album along with the second, *Them Again*, perhaps not quite as smashing but with Morrison versions of "Turn on Your Love Light," "It's All Over Now Baby Blue," and "Something You Got," along with four originals. It is excellent material from those first two monumental discs which I have long since worn out from innumerable turntable trips.

Them stood right up there with the Stones for early raunch, blues influence and hard ass rock. Morrison's work now drifts more toward beautiful ballads; many of today's fans don't realize he could kick out the jams with the best. This dynamic pair of records should set the world straight on that point. 95

CASTLES * Joy of Cooking *** Capitol *** 38m 55s**

Third album for the Berkeley quintet that just keeps getting better and better. The group is unusual in several respects: first, there are Toni Brown and Terry Garthwaite, two lucious ladies who write and sing all the material. Ms. Brown has a creative degree from Bennington with graduate study in Hank Williams while Ms. Garthwaite began her music career as a folkie about 10 years back.

Then there is Ron Wilson, an ex-electronics technician who spent 12 years with a classical piano, yet threw it all away to learn conga drums in the fetid Tijuana night air. Add Fritz Kasten's jazz background on drums and Jeff Neighbor with bass, an instrument he handles with the dexterity picked up earlier while learning piano and violin. Mix all this up with a strong dose of bluegrass background and you've got one of the happiest sounding groups going. Just look at the back of the album and you see five gleeful grins from five righteous wooley dudes and you know they are right-on folks and very proud of their music.

With reason too. This is one of the year's better records, for Joy of Cooking is talented enough to write sensible lyrics that fit their remarkable rhythmic instrumentation:

*A row of castles line your street,
Marble stones beneath my feet
As in some oriental maze
of fading colors through a haze,
And seeing through a half-closed eye
A hundred motorcycles roaring by
You stood there asking, where it's at
To some old cat who turned and spat,
I watch my inner eye perceive
That everything is really make believe.*

Joy of Cooking are a drug-free turn on. They'll munch on your heart like an old lover. 96

CLEAN LIVING * Vanguard *** 37m 26s**

Six grimy characters who look like they do everything but live up to their name lay down a keen first record. They combine electric and acoustic guitar work and come off with a sound similar to our own lamented Rat Creek. So you know they're good. And pretty. And kinda country. And slick as a high-priced lawyer.

Half the songs are their own; the additional songs come via Dylan and Chuck Berry, plus some lesser known writers like Steve Martin, Ralph Siegel and Ernst Neubach. The latter duo paired on a sweet swansong, "In Heaven there is No Beer," which is as good a reason as any I've heard for avoiding the place. For balance, there are two Jesus songs here, so Billy Graham is no doubt pleased.

They are strong on ballads, particularly "Backwoods Girl," "Charles Street," and "Jubal's Blues Again." Altogether a relaxed, skilled septet, capable of easing your cares out the back way for awhile. 88

OBSCURED BY CLOUDS * Soundtrack from the film LA VALLE *** Pink Floyd *** Harvest records (Distributed by Capitol) *** 39m 28s**

Eight release from a group noted for its ability to create and perform a wide variety of music from 1964's "Interstellar Overdrive" through the film music for *More* and *Zabriskie Point*, through the mystifying *Ummagrumma*, the equally puzzling *Meddle*, to this more down-to-earth though no less beautiful score. The music herein is moody, quiet and considerably more restrained — both in tone and direction — than their previous excursions.

You'll find more keyboard work, less studio effects and a greater reliance on vocals. Plus a good bit of lovely melodic guitar work, strangely lazy lush passages and an overall sombre, ethereal feeling. You get a drifting sense; a misty haze of uncertainty penetrates. This record, like all Floyd discs, must be considered as a whole rather than a series of unrelated cuts. As such it is just as remarkable as their earlier, more spacey stuff. Welcome back to Earth. 93

SPACE CITY!

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What Does It All Mean?

by Saul-Paul Sirag

Photographic memory is no myth. At least not for "Elizabeth," a young art professor at Harvard. She is an *eidetiker* (from the Greek word *eidetikos*, image); She can deliberately scan a scene and store it in her memory for later projection, in all its original detail, onto a blank space in front of her. She can even project a beard onto a naked chin or leaves onto a bare tree.

Although she can make the eidetic image obliterate a background against which it is projected, she does not mistake the eidetic for the real image, nor does spontaneous eidetic imagery ruffle her sense of reality. She says that, because of this ability, she had a very easy time of it in school through college, but in graduate school, where reasoning becomes more important than memory, she actually had to work a bit.

Eidetikers are quite rare. Children seem to have this ability more than adults, but they tend to lose it by the time they reach puberty. Perhaps those who maintain their eidetic imagery are those few who are not disturbed by the adult disparagement of "seeing things that aren't there."

Of 500 children tested by an American psychologist, Ralph Haber, 20 had some eidetic ability. One 10-year-old boy, for instance, described a picture from Alice in Wonderland in some detail and, when asked to count the stripes on the Cheshire cat's tail, paused for a count and said, "There are about 16 and I can see the flowers on the bottom. There's about three stems, but you can see only two pairs of flowers. One on the right has green leaves, red flower on bottom with yellow on top."

The Shass Pollak Jews, who could say what word was in which position of each page of the 12 volume Babylonian Talmud, would have been proud of him. But several years later a more formidable test of eidetic ability has been devised, and the same boy is not able to pass this test, which consists of looking with one eye at a 10,000 dot, random-looking pattern, and at another 10,000 random-dot pattern with the other eye.

If you have built up an eidetic image of the first image, the combination of the real image before your right eye and the eidetic image constructed through your left eye should give rise to a stereo picture of some figure, say a square, floating in



Some anthropologists have suggested that early man may have painted the walls of unlit caves through the use of eidetic imagery. Other anthropologists have reservations about this.

space above the dot pattern.

Elizabeth can do this easily, even with a 24-hour pause between the two patterns. She has been able to store a million-random-dot pattern for at least four hours. She can even see this stereo image when she has scanned the first dot pattern with her eyes at a 90 degree angle to the upright pattern. The Shass Pollak Talmudists would jump for joy.

To elucidate more fully just how eidetic imagery works, Daniel Pollen and Michael Tractenberg report in *Nature*, May 12, 1972, that they tested this same "Elizabeth" with an electroencephalograph (EEG) and an electro-oculograph (EOG). The first instrument measures brain wave rhythms, and the second measures eye movements.

Elizabeth has normal vision and normal alpha blocking. This means that her brain puts out alpha (8 to 13 cycle per second) waves when she is reading with her eyes closed and that these alpha waves disappear from the EEG chart when she opens her eyes. When her eyes are occupied

in picking out detail, as in reading, the alpha rhythm disappears, and when she is building up an eidetic image by scanning an object her alpha rhythm is likewise missing. But when she calls up an eidetic image with her eyes closed and reads it, or describes a painting she is seeing eidetically, her alpha rhythm is very prominent.

Even when she projected an eidetic image of a page from Goethe's *Faust* onto a screen six meters away and read it, her alpha rhythm was more prominent than when reading an ordinary page of print from the same distance, but the amplitude of these eyes-open alpha waves was only a third of her eyes-closed alpha waves.

The EOG measurements showed that she moved her eyes much less when she was reading an eidetic page than when reading a "real" page. And when she was asked to bring an eidetic image as close to her eyes as possible, her eyes turned inward just as if she were moving a real picture close to her eyes and making them cross.

Pollen and Tractenberg suggest a connection between this data and a holographic model of memory that Pollen put forward last summer. After all, this image projection is strikingly like a hologram. But if memory is holographic, why can't we all see these eidetic images?

In a hologram, information is stored in the interference patterns of over-lapping waves. The information is stored all over the hologram. The entire scene exposed to the hologram can be recovered from just one tiny corner of the hologram, but it will be quite dim — just like our usual dim memories. If the entire hologram is accessed, the emerging picture will be as vivid as the "real" recorded scene. Maybe eidetikers can, at will, access larger regions of the memory hologram.

Thanks to continuing research in alpha-wave feedback and in control of other autonomic functions, it may be possible to learn to improve memory into the eidetic range.

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